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hence arises the excessive length of *Te Deums* in general.

Mr. Kotzschmar has managed to compress his *Te Deum*, not having more than two repetitions in the whole composition, and with less damage to the flow of musical thought than might have been expected. Here and there we find a sudden pull up, as the respected Tony Weller would say, which strikes the ear as very abrupt, but the exigencies of the case rendered it unavoidable. As we have said, this *Te Deum* is quite simple; it is also melodious and well and plainly harmonized, thus bringing it within the reach of ordinary choirs, by which it can be rendered effectively. But why does Mr. Kotzschmar commence his *Te Deum* in the key of F, and end it in the key of B flat? It is contrary to all rule and all practice, and unlike some exceptional cases, it has not the excuse of a special or possible effect for the transgression, more especially as the return to the original key could have been accomplished most effectively in four additional bars.

APOLLO MAZOURKA. For the Piano. By J. N. Patisson. New York: Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway.

This is a sort of companion to the "Sunrise Polka," by the same composer, which has become so widely popular, and will, we think, be as well received by the public. For this favor it will depend less upon its originality, than upon a certain melodious flow and graceful form of passages. It is a meretricious but familiar composition, and will assuredly become quite popular.

FAUST POLKA. For the piano. By Ed. Hoffmann. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

This is a very graceful and melodious Polka, with a well-defined beat and a good dancing swing. The Old Man's Chorus, in the Kermesse scene, is cleverly and effectively introduced. It is brilliant without being difficult, and should become a favorite in our private *salons*.

YOU CAME TO ME WITH WINNING SMILE. Song. Words by J. H. McNaughton. Music by Virginia Gabriel. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

This is superior to the ordinary run of ballad music. The melody is passionate and the accompaniment smooth and appropriate. The progression would have been better if in bar four of the song, the accompaniment had been F in the bass, and A, D, in the treble. The present arrangement is weak and commonplace. At the sixth bar of the song, the word should be "guile" instead of "smile."

PRETTY ROSALINE. Ballad. By Edward Hoffman. Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

A pretty, quaint, and simple ballad, which the charming singing of Madame Varian-Hoffman has made popular throughout the country. Its vocal compass is moderate, and the accompaniment is very simple.

THE TRANQUIL STREAM. Nocturne, for the Piano-forte. By J. de Jasienski. New York: Wm. Hall & Son.

A very sweet andantino movement in E flat. The subject is suggestive of quiet, tender reflection, and calm yet sensuous enjoyment. The flowing figure for the left hand is well sustained, and the composition only requires a tender touch and a moderate execution to accomplish its performance effectively.

FEU DES ETOILES. (Fire of the Stars,) for the Piano-forte. Composed and dedicated to Miss Mary E. Hall, by J. de Jasienski.

This is a graceful, sentimental waltz, the leading phrase of which is good, but of respectable antiquity. The other subjects are flowing and melodious, and the Coda is brilliant. It is easy of execution and quite effective.

DOWN AMONG THE LILIES. Ballad. Words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. R. Thomas. N. Y.: Wm. Hall & Son.

Mr. J. R. Thomas is, deservedly, one of the most popular ballad writers of the day. His reputation is so widely spread, that several London publishing houses have contracted engagements with him for exclusive copyrights of his new songs. "Down among the Lilies," is a graceful and expressive song, hardly as spontaneous as most of his ballads, but still pleasant and effective. It meets with the usual compliment of an encore, whenever sung by the composer. The words are evidently written to a "catch title," but the writer gets over a difficult rhyme in a very ingenious manner, thus:—

"Beside the leafy lane we meet,
(Just beyond the mill is)—
And then we pass the hours so sweet,
Down among the lilies!"

GENTLE RAIN. Etude for the Piano-forte. By A. W. Hawthorne. Dedicated to Herbert Beech, Esq., of New York. Wm. Hall & Son.

This is the first work published in this country of a young English composer and pianist but recently arrived here. It possesses decided merits. The melody is smooth, flowing and expressive. It is sustained and well marked, while supporting a superstructure of fanciful and delicate floriture, like the bright drippings of a summer rain. It is an excellent study for a certain form of passage, and requires a smooth touch and a delicate manipulation for its proper execution. It is a piece which will recommend itself to teachers for pupils of fair proficiency.

LOVE'S LAMENTATION. Song. Words by C. H. H. Pannell, music by E. G. B. Holder. New York: Wm. Hall & Son.

Mr. Holder gives evidence of improvement in his composition and particularly in his accompaniments. The melody and sentiment of this song are good, and will prove effective in the *salon*. We suggest to Mr. Holder, however, that the bass figure in the symphony, being unsupported by any answer, is not only out of place, but approaches the verge of bathos.

LATEST READINGS.

EVA. A Goblin Romance. In five parts. By JOHN SAVAGE. New York. James B. Kirker.

This is a mttetric Romance in which the material and the immaterial are intimately blended, mingling human motives and passions, with goblin and selfish rites and purposes, weaving from both a plot which is both curious and interesting. Mr. Savage has drawn upon the wild superstitions of Ireland for the weird machinery of his poem, and has invested his descriptions with much of the rich legendary lore with which that country abounds. He has an observant eye for the beauties of Nature, and a warm appreciation of their poetical influences, evidences of which will be found in his glowing descriptions of local scenery, and of the floral inhabitants of the romantic spot he has chosen to people with human and immaterial shapes.

The salient point in the poetic design, is the consolation of the Cross—the triumph of Truth, and the calm which belief throws over a heart troubled and torn by human sorrow.

The time of the opening of the poem is thus described:

"The evening Sun was setting fair
Beneath a sky of blue,
And Nature's charms on earth, in air,
Wore fading into dew:

The sun's broad beams athwart did lie
The crimson mantled West,
As a golden Cross of Chivalry
Charged on a purple vest:

A gentle breath the shrubs among—
A gentle sigh of air.
As though a gentle maiden's song
Was lilting here and there;

The busy bushes keeping time,
The tendrils join each note,
And all is soft as silv'ry rhyme
From out a silv'ry throat:

The wild rose blushes on the eve
Of going to its rest,
And bends its crimson cheek to grieve
On mother Earth's calm breast.

The locality is described with much vigor in the following verses:

It is a broken valley wild,
The Dodder streaming down
Its center, and the mountain heath
Envelops with a purple wreath
Kippure's age-mottled crown.

O valley! consecrate to song,
In poet-warrior's soul,
Where memories of Ossian throng—
Delightful Glean-nis-mole!

O valley! famed in Ancient days
Not more by Ossian's voice,
Than thrushes', whose bewildering maze
Of melody made all thy braes
And hundred dells rejoice.

Romantic, rugged, sombre, grand,
The hills jut out and fall
Into the devious vale, as though
To stay the Dodder's reckless flow:
Which foams, and frets, through all.

They drive the stream from shore to shore;
It shakes with rage, then sweeps
Around the base, with lengthening pace,
With sullen surge, breaks through the gorge,
And frothing, onward leaps.

By Aylagower, clear as glass
The pools glide smoothly free,
Till further down, a group of rocks,
Like bathing dwarfs jumps up and mocks
Their placid ecstasy.

Then like branch-broken rays from sun—
Or sparks from the blacksmith's blow—
Or, shattered gems, they flash and run
To frothen the angry flow.

And now they chant a boisterous song,
United, now they hymn,
And anon they murmuring lilt along
In the shade of you broken, dim.

The lovers have met in the graveyard of an old monastic ruin. They are lovers in heart, although their love has not yet been told. The Maiden is thus described:

"The youthful maid an angel's face—
An angel's form, I ween,
A mingling grace lit up her face
Of blooming ripe sixteen.

Tresses like an autumn night
Hang o'er her forehead's day,
Darkly rich—a pearly light
Outlines each curling spray.

Eyes of such unearthly light,
Though dark as ever wrought;
By Heaven! they twist me as a sprite,
Though I but see in thought.

Her forehead, as white marble, pale,
The veins an azure river,
Where tints of Ireland's skies prevail
In softness, softening ever.

Her cheeks, the dainty tenderness
As when at morning's dawn,
The sunbeam is shed, through a roseleaf, red,
On a neighboring ceanavaun.

Her lips! a healthy pure repast—
A sylph's or mortal's, which?
The upper like the bright spring cast,
The under autumn rich:

And both control a fragrant breath
Like breeze o'er summer flowers,
When jocund morn enlivens
Earth's re-awakened powers.

Her voice was like a happy thought
Whose speaking smile did sun you,
And ere you heard the opening word
The movement had undone you.

The lovers seat themselves beneath an old
Cross, which Kevin thus apostrophises:

"What hopes!" he cried, "what love, what
truth,

These ancient crosses speak!
What chastening thoughts for strength and
youth,
What sinews for the weak!

"With Vandal Time, their Sculptures rude
But sacred combat well;
Like trusty friends, they have outstood
The wealth that from us fell

"Ye granite graybeards of the past
Who watch our kindred o'er,
With us may e'er thy teachings last,
That we the Cross adore.

"These crosses, like great note marks, stand
O'er all the Celtic sod,
Grown gray in agony of love
Referring us to God!"

Under the influence of the charm of time and
scene, and urged by that impulse which prompts
heart to speak to heart, Kevin breathes out his
love to Eva, who responds with that answer
which alone could satisfy the yearnings of his
heart.

"Exchanged troths of love were given
And Echo sealed each tone
Before the Cross and the holy heaven
In the ivied ruin lone."

This closes part the first.

The second part, continues the scene, but is of
a very different character. The denizens of the
church-yard seem outraged by this compact of
pure, human love, the long-closed graves yawn
asunder, and there issues therefrom a ghostly
throng of very disreputable characters,
who act in a most unseemly manner, and
impress us very unfavorably with the class of indi-
viduals who had chosen this holy ground as their
place of rest. In this part there are some horrible
images and some powerful episodes, which will be
best comprehended when read entire. The devil-
ish ront of these supernatural revelers, does not
disturb the calm ecstasy of the lovers, who part
to renew their vows on the morrow.

Part the third describes the gathering of the
Elfish tribes at the behest of their queen. They
come from the mountains, the valley, the river,
the air:

A haze of sound enwrapped the elves
As the mist o'er a wayward stream;
They must have thought, the imps themselves,
They were in an elfin dream.

And hither they come, so various dight—
So brilliant their guises were,
It was as a sudden May that night,
And they the flow'rs o' the air.

Spirit of Heath and Daisy-dew,
And Tiny Blue-bell first,
Bounding came, with the elfin crew,
That followed in a burst.

Honey-suckle and Primrose-tip,
Arm in arm I wist—
And Evening-sigh and Tulip-lip,
And the Fog-sprite Dodder-mist:

Jessamine-breath and Woodbine-brow,
Blessing each other's way,
And Honey-tongue and Folks-glove; now,
And many a valley fay:

The scarlet Dragon's-head came up,
And Morning-glory too,
Bearing a monstrous purple cup
Gleaming with nectrous dew:

And Apple-bloom so lustrous white,
Like little bride of old;
And Dandelion, like ancient king,
With collar of yellow gold:

And from the Dodder's coolest vale
The Brook-elf, broad and stout,
In armor made of a silver scale
Dropped from a river trout:

The imp of glens, wild Thatchet-thorn
Reckless, rollicking sprite,
Came puffing like a November morn
Hunted by autumn night:

Their place of meeting is thus described:

They came to a tower, 'tween heav'n and earth,
Built in the dewy air;
The dreamliest space that fanciful mirth
Could deem for a court so rare.

They carried a cloud away up to the moon
And trailed it across the light,
So the beam from below, and the beam from
aboon,
Made a floor and a ceiling bright.

And they sprent the floor with gathered dews
Which shone like a pavement of gems,
And arch'd columns made
Of the clear cascade,
Caught ere it broke in diadems.

From quarried mines of perfume the walls—
The casement of spider's web, quaint,
And the toiling stars
Snatch a peep through the bars
And pale at their own restraint.

And o'er the throne of Cleena the queen,
In the nave of this fairy pile,
A tulip leaf rained
Its hues like the stained
Glass saints in cathedral aisle.

The queen informs her liege subjects that she
has witnessed the interview of the lovers, and
that the maiden is too beautiful and bright to suf-
fer from the sorrows which ever spring from an
earthly love, and asks their aid to save her from
that fate, by transporting her to fairy land. The
elves give unanimous consent, and Thatchet
Thorn, the merriest, maddest, and wildest elf of
the realm, is appointed to fulfil the task. He is
half wild with joy at the distinction conferred,
and vents his delight in the following characteris-
tic verse:

"Hip, do dun!
'Tis said—she's won!
Ill smother my feet in the thistle down,
Or skate on the snail's bright track,

Or, I'll hide in the pond'rous skin-cloak,
brown,
Flayed from the woodmouse' back!
Or, I'll straddle on spider's crup, as he weaves
In the nave of yon ruin his thread—
Or, I'll lie in amidst of two wild mint leaves,
And roll to a noon-eyed bed.
I'll watch her—I'll catch her—
I will! I will!
Through alley or valley,
In bower or hill!

The Elfin court then disperses, leaving Thatchet
Thorn to fulfil his mission.

The fourth part is devoted to the entrapping of
the beautiful Eva. She goes on her way to meet
Kevin at the accustomed place and hour, but long
before she reaches the ruin, she hears his harp
and then his voice. She follows the sound
hoping to surprise him. Thatchet Thorn, like a
"will-o-the-wisp," leads her hither and thither,
now he is near by, then afar off, and still Kevin's
voice is the lode-star of attraction. At length
wearied and worn, sad and dejected, she sinks in
a swoon, from which she is awakened by his
voice, and feels herself once more within his
arms. Again she vows eternal constancy—to
be his forever and forever, when suddenly the form
melts into air, she feels the earth sinking be-
neath her feet, goblin laughter rings around, and
poor Eva awakes to the consciousness that she
has pledged her faith to a phantom, and lost for-
ever her earthly lover. Her violent grief is, how-
ever, soon consoled, O, constancy of woman! and
blinded with the delights of elfin life, her past ex-
istence vanishes as a forgotten dream.

The fifth part describes the impatient Kevin
awaiting the coming of Eva. His emotions are
vividly portrayed in some of the most charming
verses of the romance. But Eva never comes.
Years roll by, the snows of age whiten the min-
strel lover's brow, but his heart still beats warm
to the thought of his early, only love. In his sor-
row he sought solace at the foot of the cross, and
firm in that faith, and in the hope to meet her in
the long hereafter, at last he laid him down, and

Beneath the friendly Cross his soul's
Dear cause he whisp'ring pour'd;
But sighs like his are organ rolls
To the ear of Mercy's Lord!

As one who yearns to live alway,
Eastward he turned his eyes,
With hopes to see from the night of clay
Eternal dawn arise!

His night fell on him as he gazed,
Ere the sun had wholly fled,
And the sun-crown shone—Oh, God be
praised!
O'er the lover minstrel—dead.

On the spot where he love's passion drank,
On the gray and wiry moss,
And leaning on his harp, he sank
In the shadow of the Cross."

This is a brief outline of Mr. John Savage's Ro-
mance of Eva, which has met with so much favor
from the public, that it has achieved a second
edition within three or four months.

Rich souls, that have more powers and for
that reason more sides than common ones, seem,
of course, to be less porous, just as authors full
of meaning seem less clear. A man who ex-
poses to you with frankness all the colors of his
heart playing into each other, loses thereby the
glory of frankness. JEAN PAUL.